

Funeral P O E M

Occasion'd by the Re-interment of the Skulls of Five of those noble Mar-
tyrs, who suffered for the Truth at *Edinburgh*, under the late Perse-
cution, and were fixt on publick Places of this City, taken down and
buried privately by their Friends, now accidentally dug up, and decent-
ly buried in the *Gray-friers Church-yard*, *October the 13th 1726.*

WHEN for our Fathers Sins, by angry Heaven;
To persecuting *Prelates* Power was given,
Then they became the Nations Scourge and Rod,
And for a Season on the Saints they trode:
Like furious Floods from firey Dragons Mouth,
Sweep't off the true Adherers to the Truth,
To desert Places they pursu'd the Kirk,
And set all torturing Engines to work;
The *League* and *Covenant* burnt at the Cross,
And Men were murdered in Muir and Moss.
Allow'd no Law nor Time to call for Grace,
And the self-contradicting *Test* took Place;
Then abjur'd *Prelacie* like Sister *Rome*,
Did basely on Mens Consciences presume:
Then *Presby'try*, which lately prop't the Crown,
Was by exalted *Perjury* trode down;
Then Non-conformity inferred Death,
And Cursing was the common *Shiboleth*:
With squeezing Boots malignant Malice sported,
Crimeless *Confessions* cruelly extorted,
Made Drunk with blameless Blood (like *Mist'ry Babel*)
Which Vengeance calls aloud like that of *Abel*,
Then dying Speeches were by Drums beat down,
The common Privilege of Man o'erthrown,
Then to that Grand *Dilemma* Men were driven,
To loose their Lives, or live and forfeit Heaven.
'Twas then these Heads boldly imbrac'd their Fate,
To be cut off, and plac'd on every Gate,
Gave Testimony with their latest Breath,
And loved not their Lives unto the Death;
Adhering to the *Covenant* and Cause,
To a good Conscience, Liberty and Laws,
Confessing Christ to be the only King
And Head of his own Church, in every Thing,
And as they to that Truth had bravely stood,
So they rejoicing seal'd it with their Blood;
With Blood of Saints *Edina's* Streets were dy'd;
A Sacrifice to sacriligious Pride,
And by their barbarous insulting Power,
Posted their Heads on every Port and Tower.
When I behold these venerable Bones,
Methinks I hear them utter heavy Groans,
Not for themselves, but their degenerate Sons.
To see their former Zeal quite worn off,
Their Cause and Suffering become a Scoff;
These Skulls were surely sent upon the Stage,
Bearing the Marks of mad malignant Rage,
To call aloud to this Lethargick Age,
Of the impending Vengeance from above
On Breach of *Covenant*, and buried Love.

F I N I S.